

## BELLEVUE BRIEFS

### Special Cor. Ocala Banner:

The city fathers, having run short of cash in the town treasury, have adopted the plan of paying off the road help with scrip. The town taxes will not come in until near the first of the year, so the council thought it best to adopt this plan. The merchants accept the scrip willingly from the men, so all hands are pleased.

A photographer appeared in our midst last Friday and took a number of fine views of the town, including the library, town hall, M. E. church, Lake Lillian, the grove, Green, Franklin and Eichelberger caves, etc. We understand he made an arrangement with one of the merchants to furnish the negatives for the purpose of having regular view post cards struck off—something needed to advertise Bellevue for several years.

Judge Hopkins is furnishing his cottage on Smith Lake, preparatory to moving over for a much needed rest from the cares of state.

This is the rainy season and we are getting our share of it.

Word comes from the north that Mrs. Sybil Edgar Millson has left Pittsburg, Pa., and gone to Bridgeport, Conn., to join her husband. May joy attend them.

Mr. Hicks, a very pleasant young man from Hampton, Fla., was in our midst last Friday and announced himself as the new school principal for the coming term. He expects to open school early in August, so children get your books and best manners ready, and make a good impression on your new principal. We learn that Mr. Hicks will occupy the Riley cottage, and that he has formerly taught school at Oxford, Wildwood and Newberry. We cordially bespeak for him the best wishes of the whole town for his success, and trust that he and his charming wife and child will enjoy themselves while in our midst.

Miss Sophie Rheinold of Starke, one of our former school teachers, is in town visiting friends for a few days. We would like to see Miss Rheinold in her old place once more.

Early risers are beginning to notice the first signs of fall weather. There is a decided sharpness in the air of the early morning, which to the old observers indicate an early fall and a very cold winter. Mark our prediction.

Tuesday the colored people had a public baptismal in Lake Lillian, Louisa Williams being baptized by Rev. N. W. Ellison, assisted by Rev. J. R. Blackwell. Quite a concourse of people gathered to witness the ceremony.

Judge Hopkins has gone to his lakeside cottage to stay the balance of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Millson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gross, had a pleasant Lake Weir drive on Wednesday, expecting to circle the lake.

Expressions of regret are heard on all sides at the news that Rev. W. L. Barze and family are to leave Bellevue in the near future to make their home in Eustis. No family has ever endeared themselves more to the people of Bellevue than the Barze family, and it is with sincere regret that we see them leave. May good luck and success follow them.

We do not envy that gentleman cow the load of peas that he received in that corn field Tuesday night. Perhaps he won't come again.

## FAIRFIELD FACTS

### Special Cor. Ocala Banner:

A few of Fairfield's folks enjoyed a fish fry at Orange Lake Friday.

Messrs. Gattrell & Smoak have purchased the new store of Mr. J. H. Carter.

Mr. W. J. Lohrig of Ocala was in our town Saturday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Randall are rejoicing over the arrival of a small boy at their home.

Mr. H. W. Nettles of Flemington was a visitor to our town Saturday evening.

Miss Maud Fant of Morriston is visiting Miss Alice Yonque here this week.

Mr. W. T. Stokes, who is employed at Inglis, is spending a few days here with his family.

Messrs. C. S. Reese and L. L. Smith attended a social given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cherry of Irvine last Saturday evening. They report a delightful time.

Miss Della Smith returned home Monday from Tallahassee, where she has been attending the F. F. C. for the past six weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. H. Gattrell, Miss Edna Gattrell and Mr. W. R. Simpson will leave next week for a few weeks' visit on the East Coast at Pompano.

Several of the boys from here are spending a few days up at Ledwith Lake this week hunting and fishing. Mr. C. L. Thigpen, our section foreman here, has been quite ill for a few days, but we sincerely hope that he may soon recover.

RAMBLING JIM.

## A LONG NEEDED REBUKE

No man has been so long or so greatly in need of a stinging rebuke as Theodore Roosevelt, and he has gotten it at last—as stinging as was ever administered. Judge Grosscup did the work and it is easy to imagine the impotent rage of the man who has arrogated to himself every power and now finds himself entirely helpless.

It all came about through the decision of the court of appeals in the Standard Oil case. The decision was unanimous, but the president criticized the judges who rendered it in his characteristic rough rider way. Judge Grosscup was shown the president's tirade and was asked what he wished to say about it. The judge put his statement in writing:

"There is no more reason why I should take notice of the comment of Mr. Roosevelt than I would that of any private citizen, for the office that he fills and the office that the judges of the court of appeals fill are entirely independent, though co-ordinate branches of the government."

Mr. Roosevelt is extremely popular despite the fact that his whole official term has been full of acts for which he deserved impeachment. He has arrogated to himself every function of government. He has legislated and the subservient partisanship of a cringing majority in the house has accepted his executive act as law. He has picked out men for prosecution and has shielded others. He has issued his orders to prosecuting officers and to courts, and he has not hesitated to scathingly condemn judges who did not obey him. He reached the limit when he attempted to drive the jury that was to try Haywood and others, by referring to the accused as undesirable citizens.

Much has been said by the president and his party about criticizing the courts. The democrats are accused of sacrilege because they propose to restrict by the law the power of courts in injunction and contempt cases.

But no man has criticized and denounced the courts as has this Caesar of a day who is about to pass off the stage. With the oath to support the laws on his lips, he has done more to teach a contempt for law than all the mobs which he is so fond of denouncing. He has never obeyed a law he could override if it did not suit his purpose to obey it. He has taught the people that laws are only intended to control the weak—that they are to be defied by those who are strong enough to defy them.

If an obscure citizen denounces the courts he does wrong, but he does no harm. His example is not imitated by others and his criticisms do not affect the courts. When the president of the United States criticizes the courts he does it for the purpose of influencing their decisions and, doing it for that purpose, he deserves impeachment.

But Judge Grosscup has shown him that there is at least one man who cares nothing for his opinions, who regards his interference as an impertinence and will treat it as such. If others had shown a like independence a would-be tyrant would have been whipped from his usurpations long ago.—Times-Union.

## ELECTRA ITEMS

### Special Cor. Ocala Banner:

Miss Mary Connor, who has been visiting Mrs. Waers, returned home last week. Mr. C. E. Connor and son, Robert, of Ocala, came out to our burg Sunday, and Monday morning about 9 o'clock Mr. Ben Condon drove up and told Mr. Connor that his beautiful residence in Ocala was destroyed by fire, but that none of the family had been injured. They have our deepest sympathy in the loss of their home.

We are pleased to learn that Miss America Pillans will be home this week from Tallahassee, where she has completed her studies at the Florida Female College. We are also glad to learn that Miss Dixie Pillans will return Friday from Boardman, where she has been visiting Miss Bettie McCauley. We hope that Miss Bettie will return with her.

We have heard that Mr. Louis Pillans of Martel, formerly of Electra, is soon to take to himself a wife in the person of Miss Mary Smith of Martel. We extend to them our congratulations, and wish them a long and happy life.

Miss Emily Halford and Miss Josie Brant returned home Saturday from Gainesville, where they have been attending the normal.

We are still having copious showers, and we farmers are kept busy fighting Dr. Grass. JOHN PETER.

Tomorrow is election day in Cuba. Our little sister will be watched by Americans to see if she is "civilized" enough to take care of herself. Extra arrangements have been made to get full details of election day riots—that is if she has sufficiently advanced in "civilization" to have these accessories.

## HOW MRS. STETSON BECAME A COUNTESS

Her Marriage is Described & She Was Formerly An Illinois Farm Girl.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York World says that Mrs. John B. Stetson, widow of the millionaire hat manufacturer, and once an Indiana farm girl, and Count Santa Eulalia, Portuguese consul at Chicago, were married July 24 at Idro, the Stetson country home on York road, near Ashburne. The ceremony was performed by Mgr. James P. Turner, chancellor of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, under a special dispensation granted by Archbishop Ryan, the bride being a Baptist.

Only a few immediate relatives were present, notable absentees being Mrs. Henry Roelofs, a daughter of John B. Stetson by his first marriage, and her husband.

The ceremony took place in the drawing room under a canopy of flowers. The room was heaped with blooms. The bridegroom was in full court uniform, or dark cloth, trimmed with gold braid. He carried a cocked hat. The bride was given away by her son, John B. Stetson, Jr. The pipe organ, which has been in the house for years, was utilized for the wedding march.

After the vows had been exchanged a wedding breakfast of eighteen covers was served, and then the party came out on the lawn where a photographer took several pictures.

Extreme reserve was shown by all members of the family. All entrances to the estate were closely guarded by a score of athletic retainers, as-

sisted by constables and members of the Cheltenham police force. All information was refused, even replies to inquiries regarding the couple's bridal tour, after they had been seen to leave in an automobile in the direction of New York.

It was learned that Count Santa Eulalia has been a guest at Idro since July 4. The manner in which the count and his bride became acquainted is still open to speculation, but shrewd ones hint that it began when the count made a bas relief of H. E. DeLand of Fairport, N. Y., whose estate in Florida adjoined that of the late John B. Stetson. DeLand founded the town in Florida bearing his name, in which Stetson established the Stetson University. The bas relief of DeLand is prominent in the appointments of Idro.

It is believed that Count Eulalia will be barred from any share in the late hat maker's great fortune, for a clause in his will reads:

"It is expressly my will that the income which I have directed to be paid to my wife and children, respectively, is to be for their respective, sole and separate and exclusive use and benefit, so that the same shall not be in any manner pledged, appropriated, disposed of or parted with by anticipation, or before the same shall become payable, nor be subject to execution, attachment, or sequestration for any debts or liabilities whatsoever."

## THE SEVENTEENTH PEACE CONGRESS

The seventeenth universal peace congress has opened auspiciously in London, delegates representing over a hundred societies in sixteen different countries being in attendance.

The object of this conference is worthy of all praise. The idealists of the world are none too numerous. Houses and lands, stocks and bonds, loaves and fishes are the things that now interest the majority of human beings. The materialism of Prof. Haeckel, which holds that man is but an animated clod, is a creed to which few are willing to subscribe, but there are countless millions who live as though they believed it. And yet the world does move, as Galileo said, when speaking of its physical aspect, and it moves progressively "with the process of the suns."

There was a time when war seemed the natural state of men. Only a hundred years ago it was almost a part of the national religion of England to hate the French, and it was almost a part of the national religion of France to hate the English. All the nations had their deep antipathies. These are not all dead even yet, but it is something to know that they are dying. The cosmopolitanism of Goethe, which led him to say when the armies of Napoleon were overrunning his country, "I cannot hate the French, for I have derived much of my culture from that country," is a sentiment that grows with man's growth. The man who has drunk deeply from the wells of culture feels his kinship with every people "from China to Peru" that has toiled and sung.

Hatred is born of ignorance, love of sympathy and understanding. When somebody once heard Charles Lamb roundly denouncing a man with whom he was not acquainted, he asked the usually gentle essayist how he could hate a man he did not even know, to which Lamb replied: "If I did know him how could I hate him?" The people whom we hate are the people we do not know. The deserts, rivers and mountains of the world, so long as they were well-nigh impassable, made the separated nations enemies. The bridge, the steamer, the railroad, the telegraph, the printed page make for international friendship.

Only a little over a hundred years ago it was customary for the people in English country villages to turn their dogs upon a new-comer, not because he might happen to be a beggar, but for the simple reason that he was a stranger, and all strangers were regarded with intense suspicion. One is not surprised that war should have been popular when such a state of mind was common.

There is nothing but national selfishness to provoke war at present. The old-time ignorance with which Hugo Grotius, the first advocate of universal peace, had to contend, is a thing of the past. The antipathies which George Fox, William Penn and the other peace-loving Quakers encountered are dead or moribund. The successors of William Ellery Channing and Elihu Burritt in the ranks of the peace advocates are no longer laughed at. They are welcomed by kings and queens, honored by learned jurists and exalted dignitaries, and given the freedom of great cities.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A New Department

We have bought the stock of C. R. Hendricks and have rented the store occupied by him and are going to put in a well assorted stock of Staple and Fancy

## GROCERIES

We want you to bring us your produce and we will pay you the highest market price for it. Just try us once and see.

## M. Fishel and Son

## A Long Dance.

The longest dance on record is probably that of William Kemp, an actor of some celebrity in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was a comedian and danced all the way from London to Norwich.

He was attended by a taberner, a servant and an overseer, and it was doubtless a good thing for him that there were no omnibuses or police then, for they would probably have imposed more impediments in the way of his progress than did the country people.

He started with several presents of groats and crooked sixpences for luck, and, laden with these, he danced to Stratford with out rest.

Subsequently he went in for early rising to avoid market people, and, though suffering from a sprain of the hip which he received, he danced it well again, to the delight of the crowd which accompanied him, some 200 in number.

When he reached Norwich he had to dance in and out of the city twice, for his overseer missed him in the crowd and made him do the distance over again to avoid any possibility of error.—London Graphic.

## Live Mule, Dead Boar.

An odd hunting adventure recently befell a British officer in India. He was mounted on a fleet mule and was running down a wild boar, intending to lance it, when the animal turned, bit the mule's leg and then fled again. The mule screamed savagely, and in a minute she had deposited the officer on the ground. Then, kicking out vigorously five or six times, as if to see that her legs were all right, she started after the unfortunate pig at lightning speed, with fury in her eyes and vengeance in the crook of her ears. The race was not long, and the wild boar soon realized that he had exasperated a relentless enemy. He was soon winded, and the mule, coming up with him, caught him by the backbone with her teeth, crunched it and threw him to the ground and then, before he could rise, kicked him so viciously that he was a dead boar in less than no time. Then the mule returned to her master and gave utterance to a "beehaw" of triumph.

## Between Supper and Breakfast.

Many persons, says a well known doctor, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and he is of the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet. It is logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par, if we would counteract their emaciation and lower degree of vitality, and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor are the results.—London Globe.

## A Theater Dialogue.

The curtain had fallen on the first act at a Broadway theater when a man, correctly attired and apparently of refinement, leaned toward a woman occupying a seat directly in front of him—a woman who had naturally removed her hat, but whose hair was arranged in the extreme of fashion, aided by "boughten" puffs.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the man in an audible whisper, "but if you would remove your hair and substitute your hat I believe I would be able to see something more of the stage."

The woman didn't scream. She didn't even faint. She merely turned around and replied:

"Jack, if you weren't my brother I'd slap your face."—New York Globe.

## Her Little Confidence Game.

"We're playing railroad train," she said as she pulled her father's paper away, "and I'm the conductor. Tickets, please."

He took a card from his pocket and handed it to her. She looked at it intently for a minute and then handed it back. "That was issued yesterday," she said, "and isn't good today. You'll have to pay cash or get off the train."

He gave her a dime. He knew he had been "worked," but what else could he do?

## Pitched It.

A boy was asked what Moses did with the tabernacle in the wilderness when the people murmured.

He replied, "He chucked it away." When asked to explain he read the seventh verse of the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, "And Moses took the tabernacle and pitched it without the camp, afar off from the camp."—Liverpool Mercury.

## Night Rates For a Horse.

"Hicks, the hotel man, has a new scheme. He serves Welsh rabbit free to his guests evenings."

"What's his idea?" "Well, they have nightmare, and then he charges them for the use of one horse."—Boston Transcript.

## Conceit.

Conceit is that attitude of the mind which convinces a man that if he had only lived soon enough he would have been the author of the Bible.—Detroit Free Press.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging of the future but by the past.—Patrick Henry.

## Suggested by a Lady.

"Let me have five two-cent stamps, please," said a lady to the polite young man behind the counter in the post office.

"Yessum," he said, handing them out.

"Can't you let me have them in one piece?" she added.

"Certainly, ma'am," said the young man. "Can I send them home for you?"

"Oh, no; I don't live far away, and I am going straight home. I wouldn't put you to the trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the polite official. "I haven't very much to do today, and I could easily spare an hour."

"Very much obliged," said the lady, smiling sweetly. "Dear me," she added, putting on a stamp, "what a bother it is to stamp letters! Why can't we send letters and let the postoffice send in their bill once a month?"

"They might just as well," said the obliging young man sympathizingly. "I'll mention the fact in my next report to Washington."

"Will you? How nice! But you mustn't mention my name. Say the idea was suggested by a lady."

## Catching a Bride.

Among certain Siberians the bridegroom is not permitted to have a wife until he can catch her. But they do not give him a fair race in the open. The bride, surrounded by her female friends, awaits him in a big tent. As soon as she sees him she runs off. He follows like Hippomenes after Atlanta. But instead of obstacles being thrown in the way of the bride they are thrown across the path of the bridegroom. The pursuing groom falls over old women, chairs, tables, stones and fishing rods or is tripped up by ropes. Only when it is feared he might give up and sulk and go away without the fleeing lady is he permitted to overtake her. Then as she falls into his outstretched arms it may be imagined she utters some equivalent of "This is so sudden!"

## A Live Steak.

"It is a mistake," said the president of the New York Waiters' club, "to think that an Englishman always wants his beef excessively rare. As a matter of fact, the English like their beef better done than we do. I once saw a waiter," he continued, "serve an English duke with a cut of very, very rare sirloin. The duke looked closely at the slice of bright red meat. Then he said:

"Walter, just send for the butcher, will you?"

"The butcher, sir?" the waiter stammered.

"Yes," said the duke. "This beef doesn't seem to be quite dead yet."

## Charlotte Bronte's Last Tribute.

"He will not separate us—we have been so happy!" These were the last words of Charlotte Bronte when, having become Mrs. Nicholls and having lived with her husband only nine months, death came to snatch the cup of domestic felicity from the lips of the happy pair. A low, wandering delirium came on. Wakening for an instant from this stupor, she saw her husband's woe worn face and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. "Oh," she whispered, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us—we have been so happy!"

## The Words That Won.

In London one of the weekly papers offered a prize for the best list of strong words to number ten. The announcement specified that but ten words would be considered from any one person and a committee of literary men would select from the numbers offered the ten strongest words in the English language.

These are the words that won: Hate, blood, hungry, dawn, coming, gone, love, dead, alone, forever.

Do you think of any stronger, fuller of suggestion?—Exchange.

## Not Herself.

Farmer (to medical man)—If you get out my way any time, doctor, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. I think she ain't feelin' well. Doctor—What makes you think so? Farmer—Well, this mornin', after she had milked the cows, an' fed the pigs, an' got breakfast for the men, an' washed the dishes, an' built a fire under the copper in the wash 'ouse, an' done a few odd jobs about the house, she complained o' feelin' tired-like. I fancy she needs a dose o' medicine.—London Scraps.

## Charity.

Clara—At Jennie's wedding last week, owing to a misunderstanding, she had to wait at the church thirty minutes for the bridegroom. Maud—Oh, well, thirty minutes isn't anything to a woman who has waited thirty years.

## Anxious.

Professor Stone—To the geologist a thousand years or so are not counted as any time at all. Man in the Audience—Great Scott! And to think I made a temporary loan of £2 to a man who holds such views!—London Telegraph.

## Progress Reported.

"Did you have any luck fishing?" "Yes." "How many did you catch?" "I didn't catch any. But I thought up some mighty good stories to tell the folks at home."—Washington Star.

## Poker and Bridge.

Knicker—I was sitting up with a very sick friend last night. I tell you, Mrs. Knicker—Yes, I sat up with his sick wife all this afternoon.—Harper's Bazar.